

The History of

Hot. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welch
And tis no maruell he is so humorous,
Bibladie he is a good musician.

La. Then would you be nothing but musically,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather heare Lady, my brache howle in Irish.

La. Wouldst haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither tis a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the Welsh Ladies bed.

La. VVhat's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a com-
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, &
as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:

And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy oathes.

As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsburie:

Sweare me Kate, like a Lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,

And such protest of pepper ginger bread,

To velvet gards, and Sunday Citizens.

Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be redbrest teacher,
and the indentures be drawn, Ile away within these 2. houres,
and so come in when ye will.

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,

As *Hot.* Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By

Henry the fourth.

By this our booke is drawne, wecle but scale
And then to horse immediately.

Mor. With all my heart.

Exeun.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and other.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand
For we shall presently haue neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will haue it so,

For some displeasing seruice I haue done,

That in his secret doome, out of my bloud,

Hee lebreede reuengement and a scourge for me:

But thou dost in the passages of life

Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark't

For the hote vengeance, and the rod of heauen

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else

Could such inordinate and low desires,

Such poore, such bare, such lewde, such meane attempts

Such barren pleasures, rude societie,

As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,

Accompany the greatnes of thy bloud,

And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

Prin. So please your Maiesty, I would I could

Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,

As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge

My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As in reproofe of many tales deuise,

Which oft the eare of greatnes needes must heare:

By smiling pick-thanks, and base newes-mongers,

I may for somethings true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wandred, and irregular

Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry

At thy affections, which do hold a wing

Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors,

Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost

VVhich by thy yonger brother is supplide,

And art almost an alien to the harts

Of